

## Untitled Nanowrimo Teaser Chapter by orphan\_account

**Category:** IT (2017), Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Canon Compliant, Canon-Typical Violence, Crossover, Multi, Polyamory, Teaser chapter

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Lucas Sinclair, Max (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler, Richie Tozier (mentioned), Steve Harrington (Mentioned), The Losers Club (IT), Will Byers

**Relationships:** Eleven/Mike Wheeler, Max/Lucas Sinclair, Will Byers/Eleven/Mike Wheeler, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

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**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** Graphic Depictions Of Violence

**Chapters:** 2

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**Summary:**

Before them stands 29 Neibolt Street, although ‘stand’ is probably not an accurate descriptor, as the house is a hulking wreck of rotting wood, crumbling cement, and boarded up windows. The front yard is full of sunflowers, that, all engorged and fat and obviously well-nourished, look sinister in front of their decrepit residence, and at the foot of the porch is a pile of bikes. “Shit,” Dustin says reflexively, pushing his cap back to ruffle his hair. “They’re already inside.”

# 1. Untitled Teaser

## Author's Note:

So this is a teaser chapter for my Nanowrimo entry for this year, just to test the waters and see how people feel about it. The rest of the story will follow some time in December when I've finished it and edited it. This work will be deleted and the whole thing will be uploaded at once. Obviously, this jumps directly into the action, and there are things missing, but I'm fairly confident (as the writer) that you can draw from context clues what's going on.

*Silence greets them as they roll to a stop beside the chain-link fence, and they keep it as they dismount the bikes, Mike helping El out of the sidecar with an uneasy look on his face. He's been on edge since they turned around to come back, even more so than when they had originally crossed the Derry threshold. El cups his chin in her hand briefly before stepping around him to follow the others to the side of the cracked and broken road. Max is holding a balled-up shirt to her head, wincing slightly, before dropping it into her bike's saddle-bag, the pale grey cloth stained red, but Dustin's lip seems to have stopped bleeding.*

*"Bad place," El murmurs as she stares at their destination across the asphalt, sounding for a brief second like the scared twelve year old girl they found wandering the woods once upon a time, and she reaches out blindly for a hand, any hand, and ends up wrapping her fingers around Will's large palm. "Will." Her voice wavers just slightly as she says his name. "Can you feel it?" She turns his hand enough to glance down at the wide, black wristband he's taken to wearing over the past few years, hiding the mark on his skin. Their skin contrasts nicely, she thinks absently, trying to distract herself from the dark pressure weighing in her mind. Will, his hands pale and scarred and dwarfing her own strong, tanned one, their thumbs slotting together neatly.*

*Will shuffles closer to her, eyes anxiously flicking up and down the abandoned street. She can see his throat working, a faint flutter under the bruise Mike left on him the night before. "Feels evil," he whispers, voice thick, and El glances up to study his face levelly. He looks as worn out as*

she feels, and she thinks that if she looked in a mirror, she'd see her own nose as raw and blood-flecked as Will's. Beyond Will, she can see Dustin with his compass out, whispering quietly to Lucas, pointing things out to him and gesturing to his souped-up wrist-rocket. "Feels like him," Will continues, and his fingers tighten around hers. Mike lets out a little puff of air on El's other side at Will's words, reaching around El's shoulders to tenderly touch the back of Will's neck.

*They all know what Will is talking about.*

*Before them stands 29 Neibolt Street, although 'stand' is probably not an accurate descriptor (here lies 29 Neibolt Street, may it rest in pieces as it falls on its ass around its foundations) as the house is a hulking wreck of rotting wood, crumbling cement, and boarded up windows. The front yard is full of sunflowers, that, all engorged and fat and obviously well-nourished, look sinister in front of their decrepit residence, and at the foot of the porch is a pile of bikes. "Shit," Dustin says reflexively, pushing his cap back to ruffle his hair. "They're already inside."*

*"Good thing we came back," Mike groans, his arm settling properly around El's shoulders, his fingers gently brushing the hairs on Will's neck, comforting them both at once. Guilt settles over him at the thought that they had almost left, had been at the 'Now Leaving Derry' sign before Will had convinced them to turn back and go after the headstrong kids hell-bent on going after It. "If any of those little shits die, I'll never forgive myself."*

*Max, despite the seriousness of the situation, lets out a small snort, the hand not holding her rifle coming up to try and cover the sound. "Whoa there, Steve," she giggles eventually, and Mike blinks at her before they both burst out laughing. Max turns to lean her forehead against Lucas' shoulder, and she smirks after feeling it shaking under her skin as Lucas silently joins in their borderline-hysterical laughter.*

*"I'm not worthy," Mike gasps, and El pats him on the back stiffly, still not quite grasping the more abstract jokes her friends share with each other. She shoots Will a confused look, and he winks at her, the tip of his tongue poking out between his lips, making her smile slowly and poke his cheek in retaliation.*

*Their laughter hasn't even died out properly before the mood is ruined, a*

high scream echoing out of the house, bouncy and tinny as if it had to knock around on stone before reaching them across the street. It makes all six of them jump, hands reaching for weapons and elbows as a shared sense of dread descends on them. Dustin grips the nailed bat at his side a little tighter – not Steve Harrington’s famous bat, of course, that great hero remained proudly in Hawkins with its rightful owner, but Dustin’s is an excellent replica – and his eyes grow steely. “Fuck it, let’s go get those kids.” He shoulders the bat, mindful of the blood-crusted nails, and starts to march purposefully across the road.

Tucking her hair down the back of her shirt, Max sets off after him, her finger on the trigger as she passes the collapsed gate. “Come on!” she calls over her shoulder, and Lucas jolts into action, shaking his pocket full of ball-bearings and jogging slightly to catch up to his girlfriend, his bandana a blinding spot of yellow in the summer sun.

El feels like her feet have sprouted roots and anchored her beside Mike’s motorcycle. No, not roots. Vines. She knows this feeling, this thick, cloying darkness that can’t be seen, but that can be felt in every vein, every cell of her skin. El remembers it well, the waking nightmare that is being trapped in the Upside Down still fresh in her memory, even so many years later. A quick glance to her right and she knows Will recognises it too, the only one of the group who really would. Their palms are sweaty against each other, their fingers starting to slide apart, and El grips as tightly as she can without hurting Will, wanting so badly to close her eyes and slip into their mind place where nothing can get them.

Quietly, Mike moves beside El, his fingers brushing along the small of his girlfriend’s back as he stands behind them both, his arms pulling them into his chest. As children, El and Will had fitted neatly under Mike’s chin, both of them grinning and making faces at each other as Mike hugged them tightly; now, Mike presses his cheek to El’s as Will noses at Mike’s temple, having finally outgrown his older boyfriend in Junior year. “It’s okay,” Mike whispers, his breath puffing softly over El’s ear and Will’s collarbone where he’s hunched his shoulders to better fit into Mike’s embrace. “You’re both still here with me.” Mike is always so grounding for the two of them, dragging them from nightmares and fits and episodes, calming them in bouts of uncontrolled emotions, and picking up after them when they lose control completely. “We’re going to be fine.”

Will sucks in a shaky breath and kisses Mike’s cheek and El’s forehead in

a smooth, swooping movement. "Let's go save the day," he declares, managing a weak smile.

"Stop having a moment, god!" Dustin suddenly yells, and all three of them turn to stare at him with deer-in-the-headlights expressions, half-caught in a tangle of hands and arms. He's standing on the sagging porch with Max and Lucas flanking him on either side, the three of them making an impressively intimidating picture with their grim expressions, grizzly weapons, and ripped and bloody clothes. Blood has started trickling down the side of Max's head again from where the rock had caught her earlier. "Let's go before mini-Mike and all his friends get eaten by whatever the fuck is inside that house."

"Stop calling him that!" Mike protests weakly before pulling away from Will and El, albeit reluctantly, and leaning into the sidecar, reappearing moments later with his trusty Model 10 loaded in his hand, tucking a box of bullets into the back pocket of his jeans. With the gun in his hand, coupled with his cut-glass features, dark and wild hair, and impossibly slender figure, Mike looks not unlike a 50s Noir spy from some black and white thriller as he starts to pick his way over to the house. Will and El hurry to join him, focusing hard now in preparation for whatever is about to greet them beyond the lop-sided door behind Lucas. El's fingers are twitching at her sides, tempted to right the crooked house before she enters it, afraid it might just fold in on top of them like a flimsy stack of cards, and Will is concentrating on the sights and sounds around him to stave off feeling the darkness (Mike and El's heartbeats are ever-present comforting bird wings flapping inside his mind reminding him that they're real and there and he's not alone) but each step towards the house makes that harder and harder. He thinks his knees might give out from the pressure.

The garden smells overwhelmingly of the rubbery leaves of the sunflowers as they curl in the sun, but the mildly-floral scent isn't enough to cover up the stink of death that lingers around the house. Mike delicately wrinkles his nose and pauses to shove the gun into his belt so he can cover his nose and fan his face at the same time without accidentally shooting himself. That's all the time it takes for him to become separated from Will and El, and when he looks up, he's all alone in the flower bed. "Will?" he calls out quietly, taking a small step forwards. "Eleven?" No answer. He looks around and something catches his eye.

*An old swing set is in the corner of the flowerbed, the wrought-iron A-frame rusted beyond recognition, the wooden seats swollen and slanting forwards, and the chains creaking and groaning with every gentle movement of the not-there breeze. Deep track marks have been gouged into the dirt under the seat, the swings clearly well-loved and well-used by whoever used to live in the house. Mike's eyes track over the frame with a strange gut-sense of familiarity, tries not to let his fondness for swings take over the seriousness of the situation. Even still, though, he can see the memory in the back of his mind's eye, a different set of swings, in a different state, in a different time –*

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– “E-excuse me,” Mike whispers, twisting the hem of his jumper in his fingers so tightly he’s afraid the wool might fray. He knows that the first day of school is always hard – and this is Mike’s second first day of kindergarten, even if the first is a little hazy and out of focus – but this seems doubly hard to Mike, who has to *repeat* kindergarten because the records from his old school (*what school? he can’t remember*) went missing during their move, and so he’s older than the other kids in his class, and they think he’s weird and strange and he feels like an animal in a zoo. It has been three hours, and no one has approached him directly to say anything other than, ‘You’re *new* aren’t you?’ because Hawkins is small and, of course, all the kids in the town recognise each other on sight, and Mike is starting to feel like he’ll never have any friends ever. Until he sees the boy on the swings.

The boy on the swings is so small that Mike thinks, at first glance, that he might have imagined him, sitting huddled against the chain with a too-big jacket wrapped around him, but Mike remembers seeing the boy sitting in front of him in class at least once that day. He looks as lonely as Mike feels, toes pointing in towards each other and his hands folded neatly in his lap like some sort of posed doll, and Mike is walking over to the swings before he’s even thought about it much. A little tiny voice whispers in his head, *Swings. You go play on swings. Promise?* as Mike approaches the boy.

“Excuse me,” Mike says again, a little louder and actually within earshot of the boy, who blinks up at Mike with large eyes like the stars, stealing his breath away. “Can I swing with you?”

A tiny nod is given, and the boy shifts over even further so Mike can fit on the seat next to him, their elbows brushing ever so slightly. Mike gently pushes off from the ground, the swing moving slowly and steadily as Mike ponders what to say to this small boy with the shiny-smooth hair and the pretty eyes. "My name is Mike." That's usually a good place to start. "I just moved here. What's your name?"

"Will," is the softly mumbled reply, and Mike smiles, pleased. "Where did you move from?" Will's voice is hardly above a breath, Mike leaning into his space to hear him.

Mike doesn't answer directly, unsure of why he's skirting such a normal question, and instead says, "I saw you drawing in class today. You're really good."

Looking genuinely surprised at the praise, Will's own lips turn up in a tiny grin, the tops of his cheeks turning a faint pink. "Really?" He touches a toe to the ground to keep the swing moving, the tip of his nose ruddy with the cold air. "Most people think I suck."

"They're dumb," Mike counters, frowning. Will had drawn a dog on the back of a piece of paper they were supposed to be practising their letter shapes on, and it had looked way better than the jumble of lines and crayon-scribble colouring Mike usually produced when he tried to draw. "I think your dog looked cool."

"Thanks, Mike," Will says, voice gaining a little bit of volume as his confidence talking to someone grows. "Do you-" he hesitates, suddenly unsure again, "-we do art properly after lunch, do you want to sit with me?" He wiggles on the swing seat, afraid that his request might make Mike uncomfortable or something.

Mike nods before realising Will has gone back to shyly examining his shoes, so he snatches the boy's hand – the one not hanging onto the chain – in his own to get Will's attention. "I'd like that!" he insists, properly grinning now. He's never had a friend before, but something about Will has him convinced that they were supposed to meet, and that if they become friends, something magical might just happen. "I'm not as good as you, but maybe you can teach me?" He'd say anything to get Will to smile like that at him again. "What do you say? Wanna be my friend?"

Will looks a little bit like he might cry as he nods enthusiastically. "Okay. Let's be friends."

"Forever?" Mike asks, a little cheekily.

Pretending to think about it, Will squeezes Mike's cold hand. "Forever –

– ke! Mike! MIKE!" Someone is calling his name, and Mike stumbles away from the swings, shaking his head, not sure when exactly he had walked over to them. He'd been seconds away from sitting in the wooden seat, which, now that he's alert and looking at it properly, doesn't look like it would survive a bird landing on it, let alone a lanky nearly-eighteen year old planting his ass on it. He backs away, turning on his heel and heading up to the porch where Will and El are worriedly waiting for him on the bottom step, Max, Dustin, and Lucas still hovering by the door, heads bent together as they plan their attack.

"What happened?" El asks, voice slightly bitey. "You walked away and didn't answer."

Mike hops a little on the uneven ground, and puts her face in his hands, giving her a reassuring kiss as she pokes him in the ribs sulkily. "I'm sorry. I got distracted." He pulls back and catches Will's eye over her head. Will, though still clearly quite anxious about whatever is about to go down inside the house, looks just as fond as Mike when he catches sight of the swings. His lips kick up a little, and Mike takes El's hand, walking her up the steps towards Will, who gets a kiss from Mike as well.

"Unbelievable," Dustin complains to Max and Lucas as if he hasn't been putting up with this on a daily basis for over four years, and the two just chuckle and pat his shoulder condescendingly. "Would the other half of the party kindly join us at the Door of Death so we can get this over with?"

Lucas smacks him up the side of the head, ignoring Dustin's squawks of protest. "Why do you have to do that?" Lucas admonishes, crossing his arms. "Call shit 'the Door of Death' right before we walk into the obviously haunted house that we know definitely has some horrible



*monster lurking inside that is probably, as we speak, mauling those kids?" He shakes his head, adopting his best Dustin-voice as he says, "Unbelievable," to Max.*

*Max is no longer standing beside him. She's already pushed the door open and taken her first few steps inside the house, her rifle ready to fire. "Guys," she calls, sounding shaken. "Get in here. Right now."*

*The others look at each other, and sprint inside. The door slams shut behind them.*

## **2. Official Release**

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I'd just like to take a minute to thank everyone who read and commented on the teaser, you guys really motivated me to finishing the rest of the story!

Heyo everyone who is following this story! This is your official announcement that the story is UP and BEING POSTED, you can find it under the title 'Eleven, Twelve, Thirteen' and only the prologue has been posted at the moment, but the rest will be following soon! Thank you all again for reading!

### **Author's Note:**

Please let me know what you thought! You can find me on tumblr @ prinofpol.